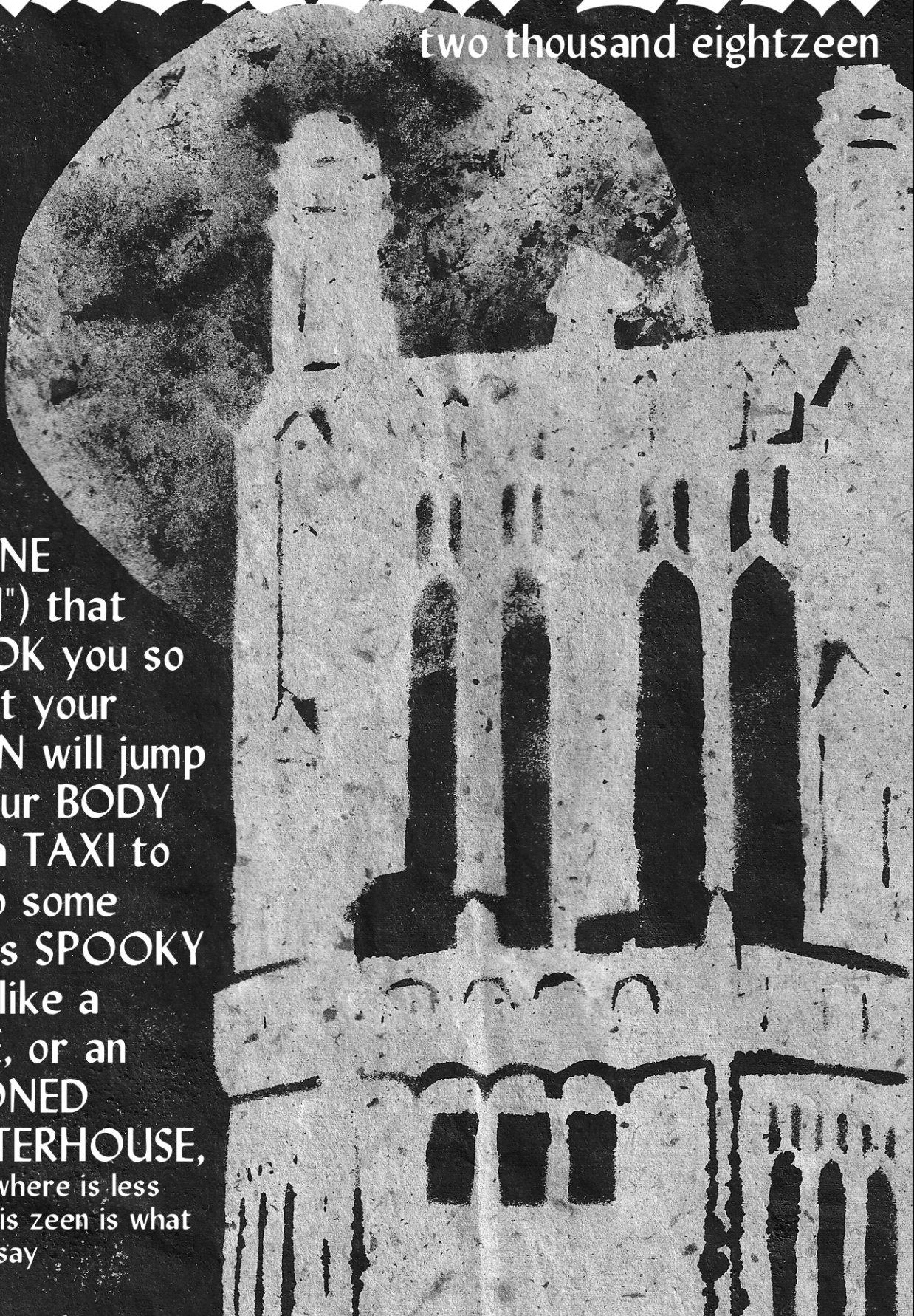


# Halloween Zeen

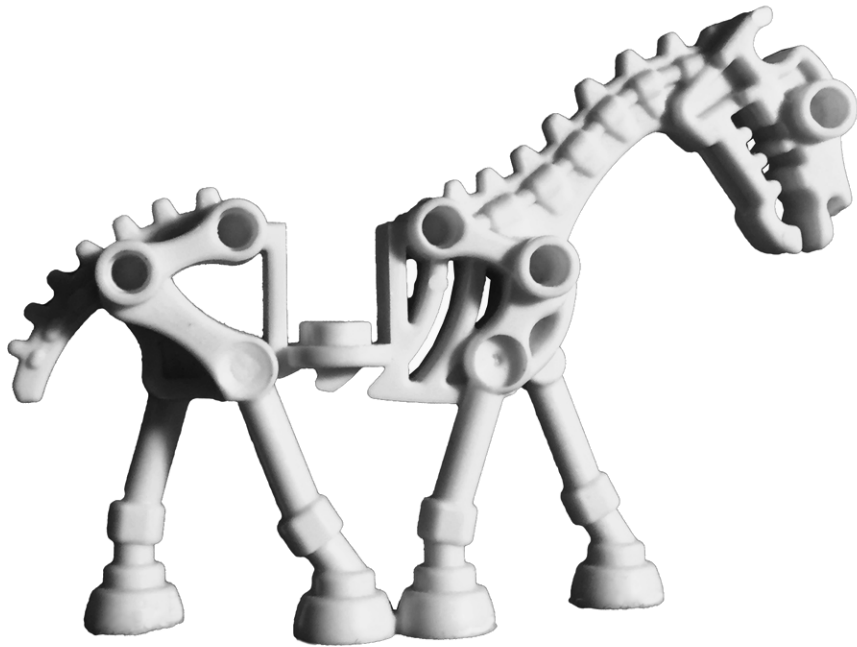
two thousand eightzeen

a FREE ZINE  
(or "ZEEN") that  
will SPOOK you so  
much that your  
SKELETON will jump  
out of your BODY  
and call a TAXI to  
take it to some  
other less SPOOKY  
location, like a  
MORGUE, or an  
ABANDONED  
SLAUGHTERHOUSE,  
or really anywhere is less  
scary than this zeen is what  
I'm trying to say



# from the Editor

Hey, here's another  
Halloween Zeeen!  
Thanks for checking it out!  
— Ryan Vester



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# An Intensely Small Macaroon

*Chandler Groover*

Mrs Plunger stormed into the shop.

"I have come to buy a macaroon," she said.

"But you already have," replied the shopkeeper.

"Where is it?" demanded Mrs Plunger.

"There."

Mrs Plunger looked at her coat-sleeve. It had buttons. One was smaller than the rest. It had a pinkish tinge, somewhat like rosewater, or perhaps, to an eye with a more imaginative propensity, such as the single eye in Mrs Plunger's skull, like the sky after the gods have made a slaughter in the clouds.

"You bought it yesterday," said the shopkeeper.

"But it is such a small macaroon," said Mrs Plunger.

"Intensely small," affirmed the shopkeeper.

Mrs Plunger stormed into the street. She was furious.

She hailed a taxicab.

"Take me home," she said to the driver.

But there was no answer.

She peered into the driver's seat.

There, upon the cushion, was a macaroon.

As she stared, the macaroon shrank. It became smaller and smaller, until she thought it might be smaller than a cat, and then it was smaller than a toad, and then it was smaller than a smaller toad.

Mrs Plunger screamed. She fell onto the sidewalk, scraping her face with her long fingernails. The taxicab sped away. Nobody paid her any mind. Streetlights flashed. Pedestrians walked past. They could not hear her scream, because her lungs were very, very small.

"This is what it means to be a macaroon," she thought.

But she was wrong.

She should have thought: "This is what it means to be Mrs Plunger."

In the distance, a bell rang like the bell on a shop-door.

# An Exhaustive List of Vampire Lords

Ryan & Sean Veeder

1. Adam, the First Manpire
2. Lextarius the Hypnotizer
3. The Pale Orchid
4. The Inquisitor
5. Reykjavik Ironteeth
6. Felissina, the Eastern Queen
7. Mordentrike the Relentless
8. Bartholomew Billingsley, the Blood Bank Bandit
9. She Who Weeps For Weeks
10. Achy Stakey Heartless
11. Reaper the Creeper
12. The Antique Clockmaker
13. Phantasmagorion
14. The African Queen
15. Typheous
16. Carmilla, the Lesbian Bloodsucking Monster
17. Matlal, the Aztec Bat
18. Space Vamp
19. Yessamine d'Omne
20. Whispering Slime
21. Poseidon's Bane, of the Seven Seas
22. Sara, the Vampire
23. The Priestess from Zimbabwe
24. Hootowl
25. Jolly Jon, the Jumpin' Jiang-shi
26. The Commendatore...
27. ...and his eternal slave, Don Giovanni
28. Brittani, with Sharpie Eyeliner
29. Juan Flique
30. Lord of the Castle of the Bloodsuckers
31. Naughty Wanda
32. The Sharpener
33. Suffocation Michael
34. Walter Frozencolor
35. Donald Gaslighter
36. The Demon in the Vents
37. Darkiss, the Queene of Crows
38. Solustread, the Daywalker
39. "Punchinello"
40. Keanu Reeves
41. Priscilla the White
42. Crab Brad
43. The Stalker of Paris
44. Ripper...
45. ...and Gutter, "the Ripper & Gutter Brothers"
46. Strahd von Zarovich
47. The Feeble Damsel
48. Maltodextrus
49. Sapto of the Seven Faces
50. The Blood-Soaked Accountant
51. Gaspar Destinus,
52. Locutus Destinus,
53. Sephinum Destinus,
54. and Regaliter Destinus, The Children of Destiny
55. Blooderella
56. Reanimatricks
57. The Dark Carcass
58. Fang Master Jay

Ryan Veeder is on vacation, so his father Grant is writing this year's zeen.\*

## The True Story of Dracula

Grant Veeder

Back in the 1300s and 1400s, before real history had a grip on things and we have to extrapolate facts from unreliable legends and black and white movies, there was a fearsome eastern European tyrant called Vlad the Impaler, who impaled his enemies to death, at least the ones he could catch. He frightened the populace so much that they wouldn't come out at night to harvest the crops and slaughter beasts. Hence, all Vlad had to subsist on was the blood of his victims.

This turned him into a deathless vampire. Years passed. Times changed. Vlad, now called Dracula, decided to move to England, where history was more popular and reliable. He hired travel agent R.M. Renfield to find him a ruined abbey. Renfield went to Dracula's cobwebby Eastern European castle to show him brochures. Now, Dracula needed Renfield's professional services, but he also needed his blood. Renfield tried to escape Dracula (see photo), but he could not. To be continued.



\*Dad what are you talking about

# Love Bytes

Ryan Veeder

## Chapter 1

Daniel was getting ready for a date, and he smiled, as he buttoned his shirt, at the rising of the moon. Daniel was a vampire.

A mutual friend had arranged a blind date between Daniel and a certain woman. He had no idea who she was. He could only guess what she looked like, just as he could only guess what he himself looked like, since no mirror or photograph would hold his image.

But, though he cared not whether this woman was kind, or intelligent, he did hope that she was beautiful. Like many men, Daniel had only one thing on his mind. Like many men, that thing involved a beautiful woman. Unlike most men, that thing was drinking her blood.

When the fading light of the sunset had withdrawn into the bedchamber of the western horizon, Daniel left his house and climbed into his sleek red convertible. The night air flowed like a felt glove, groping through his hair. He smiled, and his fangs emerged from behind his curling lips.

Upon arriving at the prescribed address, received from the mutual friend, Daniel exited his car and walked up to the house.

He knocked on the door. The lady opened the door—she was beautiful. She was wearing a blue dress and she wore sandals that proudly displayed her perfect toes. Her sparkling eyes were like gemstones.

“You truly are the most beautiful thing that I have seen,” said Daniel. He tried to conceal his fangs behind his curling lips.

The lady said, “Thank you.”

## Chapter 2

The lady, whose name was Marissa, and Daniel went to an arboretum on the edge of town. Many gorgeous trees lined the smooth

stone walkways. Not a soul was anywhere near.

“Look up through the trees at the moon,” said Daniel. He pointed at the moon.

“It is really amazing,” Marissa said. “Almost like it was watching us.”

“Yes, it is watching us,” Daniel said, “and it will be the only witness.”

Daniel kissed Marissa on her mouth and she kissed him back and he put his arms around her, like a black cape. Marissa swooned, for she had long longed to be held in such a way.

Daniel’s fangs elongated, and he moved his head to bite Marissa’s neck, so he could suck out her blood. But when he bit her, instead of piercing her soft skin he felt a harsh metallic clang. Instead of the tin-like taste of blood, he sensed a bitter electrical smell.

Marissa withdrew from his arms and fell limply to the ground. Daniel kneeled down and inspected her body. Electric sparks were shooting out of her neck where he had attempted to pierce her.

“Are you okay?” asked Daniel.

“Yes,” said Marissa. “I cannot die. I am a robot.”

“How ironic,” said Daniel sadly. “I cannot die either. I am a vampire.” He admitted this quietly, for he had never admitted it to anyone before.

“I know,” said Marissa. “Our friend told me.”

“He’s the only one who knows,” said Daniel.

“I wanted him to set us up because I have always been in love with the horrible beauty of the vampire. I wish I could be like you and fly through the night in the form of a bat, and control the minds of weak-willed humans, and live forever. But I cannot. Not even the dead blood of a vampire flows through my veins, for I have no veins, and no blood.” Marissa sighed deeply.

Daniel would have shed a tear if he could have. He had fallen in love with this would-be monster of the night, and vowed in his motionless heart that he would let her come as close to her dream as possible.

"Though you have no blood, still you will be my vampire queen," he pledged, and he scooped Marissa up to carry her back to his home.

### Chapter 3

Daniel and Marissa lived together happily for months. Marissa was happy to finally have the love of a vampire, but she was also despondent.

"Why do you weep, my bride?" Daniel asked her one day, kneeling next to their bed where she lay sobbing mechanically.

"I thought I only wanted you," Marissa said, "but now I know that there is something else that I want. I want for us to share a son."

Daniel drew back from his lover in agitation. "This is impossible! We vampires cannot spawn except by the transmission of our wretched disease, and robots are not born, but built."

"Then I will build a son! A son who might be the robotic vampire that we both wished I could be!"

*Can such a thing be possible?* thought Daniel to himself. *And would this son recognize me, a once-living being, yet still composed of flesh, as his father? But if it would make my dear Marissa happy, then it must be done,* concluded Daniel.

"We will build him together," he said. Marissa said, "Thank you."

### Chapter 4

After many months, Daniel and Marissa had almost completed their creation. It would be a robot like Marissa, but it would be given life—and a thirst for blood—by the same dark energies that throbbed at Daniel's soul's core.

"What should we name him?" Marissa asked Daniel.

"He should be called Janus, for he will have two natures," Daniel replied. "A creature of undeath, but also of unlife."

The last step in the creation of their unnatural progeny was for Daniel to insert his fangs into the robot's neck, activating his robotic heart and filling his circuits with vampire blood. He leaned over the creation with a great solemnity.

"I cannot say that I will give you life, Janus," he spoke. "But I can give you a life."

He bit the robot on the neck. Its servos whirred; its eyelashes fluttered.

"Yes! My son! He's alive!" Daniel screamed. But then he fell to the floor. There was a wooden stake in his chest.

"Marissa!" he gasped. "What are you doing?"

"This vampire robot is my ideal being," Marissa explained, towering over Daniel's supine form. "I have no more need of a mere human vampire any longer. Your 'son' will satisfy my monstrous desires more efficiently than you ever could."

"Then you will take our son as..."

"My husband! Yes!" Marissa shrieked. "And his name will not be Janus! I will call him Typhoeus, for he will be a father to monsters!"

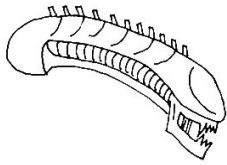
Daniel opened his mouth to speak, but Marissa twisted the stake in his heart, and the body of Daniel dissolved into dust.

Marissa ensured that Typhoeus lived up to his name, and their offspring, the incestuous race of robotic vampires, came to hold total dominion over the land.



# In Space No One Can Hear Your Horrorscope

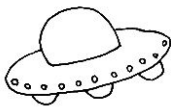
Ray Bradburied



## XENOMORPH

**March 21 - April 19**

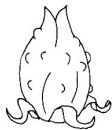
"This is a transitory period for you. A major change in your life will come upon you very soon. Look to Polaris for comfort."



## UFO

**April 20 - May 20**

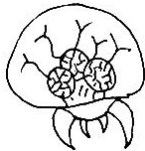
"Someone you know will be given a great reward for something you see as your accomplishment. Do not give in to jealousy. Alpha Centauri will dictate your next move."



## BODY SNATCHER

**May 21 - June 21**

"The situations you face will discourage you and make you want to hide away, but it is vital you strive on, as your participation will mean the difference between success and failure. Betelgeuse is the star of your destruction."



## METROID

**June 23 - July 22**

"The lynchpin of your success is unclear at this time. Ultimately you may not recognize it until after you have already found it. Rigel is limiting your perspective, avoid it at all costs."



## ZORAK

**July 23 - Aug 22**

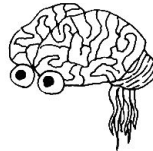
"You are indomitable. Yet there is a specter of doubt in your periphery that you cannot escape. Vega has a message for you, heed its advice."



## TRIFFID

**Aug 23 - Sept 22**

"The clarity you have felt in your life recently is about to subside and be replaced with confusion. Canopus will protect your health in this trying time."



## EVIL BRAIN

**Sept 23 - Oct 23**

"It is necessary to become uncharacteristically pessimistic. You must invest the entirety of your being to be successful going forward. Barnard's Star will soon judge your worthiness, do not disappoint."



## TRIPOD

**Oct 24 - Nov 21**

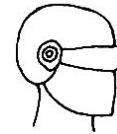
"You will soon come across an enormous surge of creative energy. Use it, but do not over-extend yourself. Epsilon Eridani will lead you to a new discovery."



## GREY

**Nov 22 - Dec 21**

"A situation that appears from your perspective as a massive obstacle might turn out to be an amazing opportunity. Do not fear optimism. Omicron Persei is foremost on your mind, tell this to someone you trust."



## GORT

**Dec 22 - Jan 19**

"The time to act is now. But make sure you are acting for the right reason, you may not get a second chance. Beware the wrath of Sirius."



## BLOB

**Jan 20 - Feb 18**

"Something new is about to happen, and you are in the perfect position to benefit from it. Embrace change! Thuban is the star of your salvation."



## REPTILIAN

**Feb 19 - March 20**

"You were at the precipice of a major life change, but turned away at the last minute. It is not too late to change your mind. Xi Andromedae is following your every move, beware."

# Ratings: The Crew of the *Peroné*

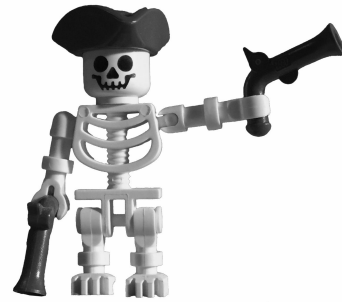
*Malhuit Étoler*



**Herkin' Doyk**

INT 8 (-1) WIS 10 (+0) CHA 11 (+0)

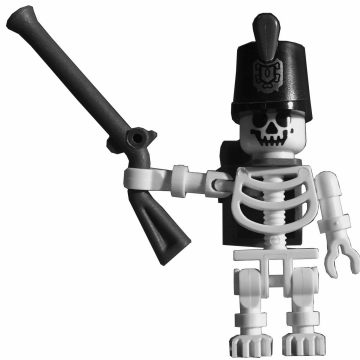
Doyk gets top billing just so we can get the son of a gun out of the way. I used to be amused by his bumbling but that was during my ironic, detached, “man isn’t it hilarious to be useless” phase. 3/10



**Leallenne d'Ollesse**

INT 13 (+1) WIS 9 (-1) CHA 14 (+2)

In the first couple of seasons Leallenne seemed like she was just supposed to be eye candy. Not a lot of depth to her character. But as time went on I realized her apparent lack of personality was a careful façade, crafted to protect a lifetime of secrets—and, yes, vulnerabilities. 7/10



**Quately**

INT 11 (+0) WIS 12 (+1) CHA 10 (+0)

The opposite of Doyk in every way. Quately is efficient, respectful, empathetic, noble, careful, tidy, oh my goodness gracious I never realized how much I hate him. 2/10



**Caverdy Henshile**

INT 12 (+1) WIS 13 (+1) CHA 10 (+0)

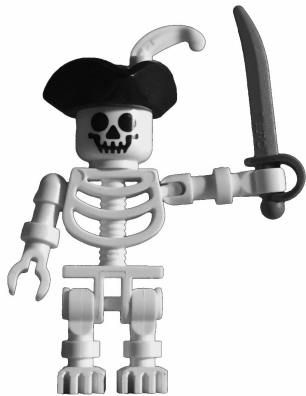
Henshile and Quately share many of the same qualities. The difference is that Henshile has been around long enough that I don’t find him obnoxious anymore. 8/10



**Marutshas**

INT 11 (+0) WIS 12 (+1) CHA 13 (+1)

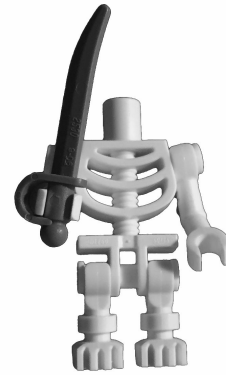
**DID YOU KNOW:** The kind of sword that Marutshas has two of is called a “khopesh.” Each of his khopeshes has a different name engraved on it. Pray that neither are yours! Anyway Marutshas is kind of exhausting. 6/10



**Polkey**

INT 9 (-1) WIS 9 (-1) CHA 12 (+0)

Polkey is almost always climbing around in the rigging and I usually forget he exists. Now I'm looking at this photo and I'm struggling to come up with anything specific about him. Did he do something funny at some point? Did he save somebody's life? I'm drawing a blank. 5/10?



**Florentz**

INT ? (?) WIS ? (?) CHA ? (?)

Florentz is another one who's easy to forget. There's a lot of big personalities on the crew, and other folks just don't stand out as much! She's not the best swordsman, or the best navigator, or the best cook. But nobody on the *Peroné* is a better listener, and that's important. 9/10



**Captain Malhuit Étoler**

INT 13 (+1) WIS 11 (+0) CHA 16 (+3)

A+ 10/10

# EIN LEITFADEN FÜR TIERKÖNIGE

## (A Guide to Animal Kings)

An excerpt from Friedrich Wilhelm Von Junzt's seminal 1841 work, *Unsägliche Tiere der Welt (Unspeakable Animals Of The World)*, translated from German:

An animal "king" is any collection of animals whose tails are permanently connected via a mechanism, natural or supernatural. Long whispered and thought of as folklore, these creatures are in fact verified phenomenon found throughout the known, and presumably unknown, world. While not "Kings" in the royalty sense, these groups of creatures nonetheless deserve the respect one would afford any human monarch.

### **Rat Kings (Rattenkönige)**

The most common and well known of the animal "kings". Throughout recorded history, Rat Kings have been associated with various superstitions and are often seen in as a bad omen. A common Rat King consists of 6 to 8 rats, but some have been discovered composed of upwards of 32 members.

### **Eel Kings (Aalkönige)**

This aquatic version of the "king" is typically found in the cold and unforgiving seas the world over. Eel Kings are associated with maritime joviality and are often seen as a neutral portent, or indeed no portent at all. They are excellent when served fresh and with horseradish, though like the humble Ortolan, one must wear a veil while eating them to hide one's shame of such decadence from God.

### **Pheasant Kings (Fasanenkönige)**

The deadliest of all the known "kings", responsible for dozens of causalities annually. Other than this fact, *nothing else is known about these creatures.*

### **Bigger, Sexier, Rat King (Größer, Sexier, Rattenkönig)**

Exactly the same as Rat Kings, only bigger, and sexier. Bigger, Sexier, Rat Kings are associated with various big, sexy, superstitions and are often seen as a big, sexy, omen. Bigger, Sexier, Rat Kings have been

discovered composed of upwards of 32 big, sexy, members.

### **Scorpion Kings (Skorpionkönige)**

"The Chitinous Tumbleweed" as they are known among the ancient Akkadian people of Mesopotamia. Scorpion Kings are associated with toxic masculinity and are often seen as harbingers of hurricanes and winds of change. Their venom, in the unlikely event you are able to extract it from the connected mass, is a potent digestive aid.

### **Crocodile Kings (Krokodilkönige)**

First mentioned by Pliny the Elder after a trip to the Middle East in 53 AD, even the Egyptians refused to worship these creatures as they were simply just "too much" for all that. Crocodile Kings are associated (when they are associated at all) with a feeling of ennui and foreshadow truly crushing occasions of *L'esprit de l'escalier*. Their teeth are often seen being cleaned by Egyptian Plover Kings (Ägyptische Regenpfeiferkönige) in the wild.

### **Reverse Rat Kings**

#### **(Umgekehrter Rattenkönig)**

A Rat King where all the rats are connected at the head and whose behinds are all sticking out. Fierce debates exist in the community of natural scientists about whether these should be lumped in with the rest of the "King" designation, or spun off into a separate field of study. While the Reverse Giraffe King (Umgekehrter Giraffenkönig) and Reverse Shark King (Umgekehrter Haikönig) are decidedly in a separate field, the debate over the Reverse Rat King remains ongoing.



*photo by Emily Boegheim*

# Are Ghosts Good, Evil or Indifferent to the Affairs of Mortals?

*A radio call-in show hosted by Eddie Casanova*

*[Foreboding theme music, excerpted from Tchaikovsky's "Swan Lake."]*

**Eddie:** Good evening and welcome. Once again tonight we will get the opinions of you, the listeners, as to whether ghosts are good, evil, or indifferent. We're starting the month of September, which usually marks an uptick in calls from seriously haunted individuals, and guess what, the moon will be full on Wednesday night, so it's pretty full tonight, and you know what that means. So call in or stay tuned, I'm sure we'll all enjoy some thoughtful conversations.

Let's start right in with our first caller. This is Kevin, from Naperville. Kevin, you're on the air. How are you this evening?

**Kevin:** Fine, Eddie, I'm fine, thank you for asking.

**Eddie:** Is your call about opinion or evidence?

**Kevin:** Opinion. I've never seen a real live – you know, a ghost before, but I've read a lot of true stories –

**Eddie:** And what's your verdict?

**Kevin:** – and listened to your show a lot. And my verdict is, what I've come to believe from the evidence presented by probably hundreds of people, is that there are three different kinds of ghosts. There are ghosts that are impressions from a past time, they're just something you can see that has no idea that it's there, it's like a moving picture imprinted in the atmosphere, or whatever. And then –

**Eddie:** Good, evil, or indifferent? These impressions.

**Kevin:** Indifferent, I'd say, Eddie. And then ghosts number two, they can communicate with the living, they don't know that they're dead. Most of them would be I guess you would say good, they might just say, "Be careful on that ledge there," and then they disappear, and then you find out that they died falling off that ledge ten years ago –

**Eddie:** That was a story we heard on the program a couple of months ago, if I'm not mistaken, Kevin, and a very good one it was, too.

**Kevin:** That's right, Eddie, I'm what you might call a faithful listener.

**Eddie:** We appreciate that immensely, Kevin, and we hope you support our sponsors. What is your ghost type number three?

**Kevin:** Ghost type number three is definitely evil. It's the type of ghost that will push you down the basement stairs, or start a fire in your house.

**Eddie:** Interesting. It would be of interest to me, Kevin, to know the difference between ghost number two and ghost number three, in your mind. They both interact with the living, but one acts good and the other acts evil. Isn't that just like two different kinds of people?

**Kevin:** Well, in my experience, or I should say based on my research, the good ghosts I describe often materialize, whereas the evil ghosts are never seen.

**Eddie:** Without exception? An evil ghost has never materialized?

**Kevin:** Not based on my extensive reading. I'm not claiming to be an expert, but I have read a great deal of literature on the subject, Eddie.

**Eddie:** Interesting. And why do you suppose that is, Kevin? I mean, that an evil ghost has never materialized?

**Kevin:** Well, I don't think – I really shouldn't say...

**Eddie:** Kevin, you intrigue me. Do you know some sort of secret that you have sworn not to reveal?

**Kevin:** No –

**Eddie:** Are you part of a research team that isn't ready to release its findings? C'mon, Kevin, what gives?

**Kevin:** No, no, it's not that, it's...well...I have kind of a theory...

**Eddie:** Kevin, your theory is safe with me. My lips are sealed. No, I'm sorry. I don't mean to make light of you. Would you like to share your theory with us this evening?

**Kevin:** Well, the thing is, I've read some stories, the type of which make me uncomfortable, so I don't read very many of them, but the impression I get is that...what I sometimes think is that these aren't really ghosts, they're demons. From an invisible demon realm.

**Eddie:** So – really. Go on.

**Kevin:** But the thing is, I really worry that if you talk about them, you run the risk of summoning them. So I really don't like to talk about it, and I've said more than I meant to. Thank you and goodbye. (Dial tone.)

**Eddie:** Well, I guess, thank you, Kevin, that was a very intriguing theory, but you didn't flesh it out much. No pun intended, really.

Wow, did I just say that? Invisible demons...well, maybe Kevin is right and we should move on. Talk about something else...Here's our second caller, Charmaine, from the North Side. Charmaine, you're on the air.

**Charmaine:** Hello, Eddie Casanova.

**Eddie:** Hello to you, Charmaine. Opinion or evidence tonight?

**Charmaine:** Evidence, Eddie.

**Eddie:** Is this something recent? Something that you have witnessed?

**Charmaine:** Yes, Eddie, it's recent, and I was definitely a witness.

**Eddie:** Well then lead on, MacDuff.

**Charmaine:** Oh, Eddie, you are a hoot. But here's my story, or report, or what you will.

**Eddie:** I'm all ears.

**Charmaine:** You say that, but I know better. (Chuckles) Anyway, I was jogging on my regular route. It's been so hot, so I waited for it to cool down, so I was running in the gloaming, I would say.

**Eddie:** Roamin' in the gloamin', you might say.

**Charmaine:** Don't interrupt. I came to a one-way street, traffic coming from the left. And there was a blind man, with a white cane and dark glasses. And I was overtaking him just as we got to the corner, and I got there, and was running in place while I was looking to the left for traffic. And I was about ready to cross, and the blind man said, "Watch to the right." And I looked right, and wouldn't you know it, here came a car, going the wrong way on a one-way street, with no lights on, and I never heard it until I saw it. I was actually leaning into the street, and it passed so close

that I could feel it *whoosh* by me. And I think I said something profane, and boy, I felt a big rush of adrenaline, and I was confused, and then I turned to say something to the blind man, and – gone. Nobody there. And no place to hide, not near a building or anything.

**Eddie:** That's wild. Was anyone else around?

**Charmaine:** No, I didn't see anybody nearby. After I looked all around, I kind of collected myself, and started running again. There wasn't anything else to do, really.

**Eddie:** And what's the verdict?

**Charmaine:** Well, obviously, this was a good ghost. At least I have to believe it was a ghost. I kind of imagined maybe it was the ghost of someone who was killed at that intersection by a car driving the wrong way.

**Eddie:** Hmm. But if he was blind, wouldn't he be listening for traffic, rather than watching? Wouldn't he hear a car from the right as well as a car from the left?

**Charmaine:** I thought about that. And if you're blind, and you're used to listening in one direction at a one-way street, you might think the sound from the other direction is going the other way or something.

**Eddie:** Okay, Charmaine, I have another question for you: How did you know this man had on dark glasses? You said you came up behind him.

**Charmaine:** Well, Eddie, I came abreast of him, you know, and I was running in place, and I saw he was wearing dark glasses. Good enough answer?

**Eddie:** That's an excellent answer, Charmaine. So what else was he wearing? I'm picturing a guy in a dark suit and a black fedora and dark sunglasses.

**Charmaine:** It was hot out, Eddie. The guy wasn't wearing a suit.

**Eddie:** So your ghost dresses for the weather?

**Charmaine:** C'mon, Eddie, lighten up. He had on a white short-sleeved shirt.

**Eddie:** Shorts?

**Charmaine:** No, long pants.

**Eddie:** So this fellow, this blind guy, he gets run over by a car going the wrong way, and now he comes back to warn people about the wrong-way driver? What's the story on the car? Was it a ghost car?

**Charmaine:** I never said that's what happened for sure. I said that's what I imagined happened.

**Eddie:** It is not given for us to know these things. Thanks very much for the call, Charmaine, always a pleasure. Let's move on to our next caller, Terence from Schaumburg. Good evening, Terence.

**Terence:** Good evening to you as well, Eddie.

**Eddie:** Opinion or evidence, Terence?

**Terence:** Evidence. The evidence of my grandmother, who I heard the story from.

**Eddie:** So you were not a witness?

**Terence:** Not – not really. Well, I witnessed – phenomena. I didn't see the ghost, though.

**Eddie:** Your grandmother did.

**Terence:** Yes, my grandmother did.

**Eddie:** Well, let's hear your grandmother's story, but I'm also interested in the phenomena you witnessed.



**Terence:** Sure. But I witnessed the phenomena before I heard about my grandmother.

**Eddie:** Well, then, let's start with that.

**Terence:** Okay. When I was seven or eight or nine, nine, I think, my grandparents moved to a smaller house, because all their children had grown up and left. And we visited them quite a bit, us and our cousins. My grandparents had five kids and my dad was the second oldest, but he had an older sister, and she had kids who were older than my brother and sister and I. And my cousin Gordon was, like, twelve at this time, which he doesn't seem that much older than me now, but back then, he seemed a lot older, three grades, and he was the oldest cousin.

**Eddie:** Interesting genealogical study, Terence, but does this –

**Terence:** This is important background, at least I think it is, and I'm getting to the point.

**Eddie:** Excellent. Go on.

**Terence:** So like I said, our grandparents moved to this smaller house, and when we all came for Thanksgiving, it was very crowded. So after we ate, it's a big mess, and my cousin Gordon and my older brother Donald and I were looking for a place to play a video game. And there was a bedroom where everyone put their coats on the bed, and our grandmother told us not to play in there. But Gordon, who was the oldest of us cousins, convinced Donald and me that she just meant the littler kids, because she was afraid they'd break something, and if we were just playing a video game then it was okay. So we kinda snuck into the bedroom when everyone was falling asleep or watching football, and we're whispering and thinking that we're being quiet. So we plugged it in, I don't remember who did it, but I'm pretty sure it wasn't me, because I was the littlest. But anyway, the

plug popped out of the wall socket. Just popped out and fell on the floor. And Gordon is like, "Donald, what are you doing?" And Donald says, "I didn't do it, you did," and they're going back and forth, and then they plug it in again. And in just a short time it pops out again. And they're saying, "You did it," "no, you did it," and then pretty quick our grandmother comes to the door and says, "I told you not to play in here," so we leave, and I don't remember if we ever played the video game while we were there or not.

**Eddie:** So excuse me, you appear to have been mostly a spectator here; what did you think was happening?

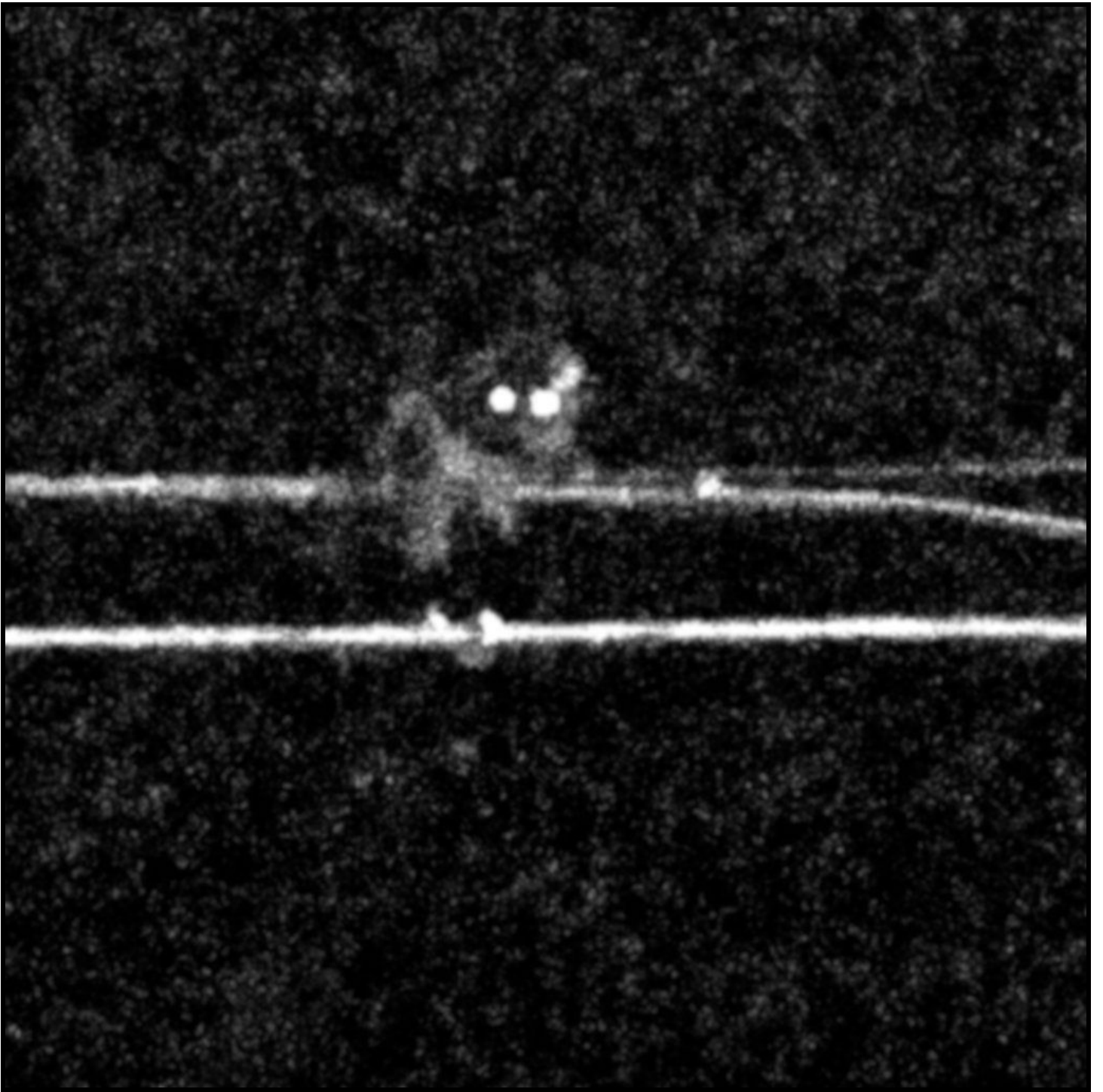
**Terence:** Well, I figured it was Gordon, and that he was messing with Donald, because he was older and he was always messing with us, and the way we were sitting, I didn't think Donald could have pulled it out.

**Eddie:** ...pulled the plug out. And what was the sequel to this?

**Terence:** Well, I didn't think any more of it, but then a few months later, in the spring I think, my grandparents moved out of that house. I don't think they had been there a year. They moved into a house that was pretty much the same size as that one. And I remember I asked my parents about it, but they were pretty vague, like it wasn't something that a nine-year-old needed to know. Or I could have been eight. I should be able to figure it out, but it was never really important before.

**Eddie:** So did you ever find out why they moved?

**Terence:** Well, Donald heard my parents talking about it a couple of times. He said that they said that my grandmother was afraid to go in that bedroom, because it was haunted. And that she saw a ghost in there.



*photo by Hamish McIntyre*

**Eddie:** And she was frightened of this ghost?

**Terence:** She was scared of it, sure, but I'm not saying it was necessarily evil.

**Eddie:** Please go on.

**Terence:** And I'm not necessarily saying it wasn't evil. But apparently what happened was that she was sick once, and wanted to sleep by herself in that bedroom, and weird things happened in there, including that she saw a ghost. And so she didn't want anything to do with that room, which is why they ended up moving.

**Eddie:** Did your grandfather witness anything? Sorry, first tell me what your grandmother saw or experienced.

**Terence:** Well, I got this second hand at first, but later on I asked my grandmother about it, and the stories didn't exactly match, so I'll give you the best version I know how. My grandmother told me about it years later, when her memory wasn't always so good, but I'll give you the best version I know how. First off, when she went to bed, she felt spooked, and she couldn't go to sleep. Just a feeling that something sinister was in the room, so that she was afraid to close her eyes, but also she didn't want to look around. But eventually she kind of went to sleep, but it was a fitful sleep, and she kept waking up. And then all of a sudden it felt like someone was sitting down on the bed, but she looked and no one was there, and she was afraid to move, and she closed her eyes, and then it felt like whoever it was was rolling on top of her. And she tried to cry out but she couldn't at first. But finally she was able to speak, and she started yelling, get out, get out of my house! And then it was gone, and she was able to sit up, and she wasn't sure if she had been asleep or awake.

**Eddie:** So she could have been asleep, and dreamt it.

**Terence:** Sure, yeah. But in light of what else happened, she came to believe that it was really happening, that someone or something invisible was on the bed.

**Eddie:** All right, so what happened then?

**Terence:** Well, she finally got to sleep, and then she woke up again when she thought she heard something. And she opened her eyes, and she could see someone at the end of the bed.

**Eddie:** She must have been terrified. But I'm going to stop you right there while we pause for station identification. It's the bottom of the hour, and this is 1620 on your AM dial, WAAW, home of Spartan football. Terence, please continue.

**Terence:** Well, like I was saying, she saw someone at the end of her bed, and right away she was sure it was a ghost of a man.

**Eddie:** What made her believe that, if I may ask?

**Terence:** She said that the head and torso were very clear, but that he started fading away below that.

**Eddie:** Was it dark in the room, or light enough to see features?

**Terence:** She was able to see features. She said the man looked older, and he had a serious look on his face, like he was frowning, but not necessarily angry. He was looking straight at her.

**Eddie:** Like I said, that must have been terrifying. Then what happened?

**Terence:** She said she was too scared to do anything, and they just looked at each other for a long time, or what seemed like a long time, and then he turned and walked out of the closed door. Which he didn't open.

**Eddie:** So he dematerialized through the door.

**Terence:** Correct. And she stayed there frozen until it started getting light out, and then she got up and ran out of the room, and she tried to avoid it ever since.

**Eddie:** I'm getting goose bumps! I really am! Now, let's go back to the question of her husband, your grandfather.

**Terence:** He said he never noticed anything funny about the room, but sometimes she thought he was lying. And eventually she talked him into moving. When she told me her story, I told her about the plug that Thanksgiving. And she said she thought something like that happened to him, too, but he would never admit it.

**Eddie:** How old were you when she told you the story?

**Terence:** I was in college, probably early twenties. She would have been I guess in her seventies by then.

**Eddie:** All right, then, Terence, so if um, so if Kevin, our first caller tonight, is correct, it wouldn't have been an evil ghost, because it was visible.

**Terence:** Well, that was Kevin's theory, not mine.

**Eddie:** So what then is your verdict, Terence?

**Terence:** I believe that ghosts are indifferent. Neither good nor evil. They just want to be left alone.

**Eddie:** And that's based on the phenomena at your grandmother's house?

**Terence:** Yes.

**Eddie:** That's it? No other evidence?

**Terence:** You wanted my opinion, that's my opinion.

**Eddie:** All right. Terence. Thanks so much for being on our program tonight.

**Terence:** Thanks very much for having me.

**Eddie:** Listeners, that was another ghost-in-the-bedroom story. Always freaks me out. Wouldn't want to experience that. Moving on, our next caller is...well hey, it's a return call from our first caller, Kevin, who left us so suddenly. Kevin, what news?...Kevin? Are you there? We appear to have lost our connection, so let's go on to...Michelle. Michelle, welcome to our program.

**Michelle:** Thank you.

**Eddie:** Opinion or evidence, Michelle?

**Michelle:** Evidence.

**Eddie:** All right, proceed.

**Michelle:** Okay. The long and the short of it is, the ghost of my passed-away husband doesn't like me seeing other men.

**Eddie:** Interesting. And what was your husband's name?

**Michelle:** I'd rather not say.

**Eddie:** Perfectly all right. So what does he do to manifest his displeasure?

**Michelle:** Well, it happens when I'm being intimate...with someone.

**Eddie:** Okay, Michelle, we're going to have to tread lightly here, this is a family program, as it were, can we deal in broad terms?

**Michelle:** Well, you can use your imagination, but when I'm being intimate, with someone, we can hear him call my name.

**Eddie:** Uncomfortable. Just your name, not your friend's name?

**Michelle:** Just my name. And he sounds like he's in the room.

**Eddie:** Does he sound angry?

**Michelle:** No, he just sounds normal, except it isn't normal, it isn't normal at all.

**Eddie:** So then what is your verdict?

**Michelle:** I'm not saying he's evil, I'm just saying I wish he'd stop. I waited a whole year before I did anything with anyone, and I don't think he's being fair.

**Eddie:** You have my sympathy, Michelle. Have you talked to anyone about communicating with him?

**Michelle:** No, can you recommend someone?

**Eddie:** No, it's a highly competitive business, and I'd get into trouble if I mentioned someone and not someone else. You might try the Yellow Pages under psychics. Or look online.

**Michelle:** Thank you, Eddie, I might do that.

**Eddie:** Good luck to you, Michelle. And let's move on to our next caller...and by golly it's Kevin again. Kevin, are you there?

**Kevin:**

**Eddie:** Kevin, I can just barely hear you, can you speak up?

**Kevin:** ...don't...where I am...

**Eddie:** Kevin, you are very faint. Are you saying you don't know where you are?

**Kevin:**

**Eddie:** I didn't catch that. Maybe you should try on another line.

**Kevin:**

**Eddie:** Hopefully we'll hear from Kevin again. Meanwhile, here is Clay, from Aurora. Clay, good evening.

**Clay:** You should really talk to Kevin, Eddie.

**Eddie:** Well, we certainly tried, but he wasn't coming in clearly.

**Clay:** You really oughta hear what he has to say.

**Eddie:** Clay, what is the purpose of your call.

**Clay:** I'm just sayin', Eddie, you really oughta talk to Kevin.

**Eddie:** All right, I think I'll move on to the next line, Anne, from South Elgin. Hello Anne.

**Clay:** Man, you should really talk to Kevin.

**Eddie:** Okay, some kind of snafu there, let's get to another caller. Well, here's Kevin again. Kevin, thank goodness you're back.

**Kevin:**

**Eddie:** Kevin, there's a lot of static, or background noise, I can hear a voice, I don't even know for sure if it's you.

**Kevin:**

**Eddie:** Kevin?

**Kevin:**

# Credits

Hey, it's me again, RYAN VEEDER (@rcveeder on Twitter), the editorial team of HALLOWEEN ZEEN.

2018 was a busy year for our editorial team, and we sent out the call for submissions much later than we were supposed to. Unfortunately that meant not as many people had time to make stuff for the Zeen—but those who did stepped up in a big way:

- EMILY BOEGHEIM (@emilyboegheim), photography of cyclopean architecture
- CHANDLER GROOVER (castleprincessdragon.com), "An Intensely Small Macaroon"
- ZACH HODGENS (@averyfinecat), "In Space No One Can Hear Your Horrorscope"
- HAMISH MCINTYRE (@zombieham), photography of a cryptid
- DEREK SOTAK (nachonomics.com), "Ein Leitfaden für Tierkönige"
- GRANT VEEDER (@gveeder), "The True Story of Dracula"  
and "Are Ghosts Good, Evil or Indifferent to the Affairs of Mortals?"

SEAN VEEDER (@fake seanveeder), vampire lord expertise

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None of the people above were compensated in any way for their contributions to this zeen. If you appreciated any of their work, you have to let them know. The only way they get anything out of this experience is if you hit them up on Twitter or something and tell them that you appreciate their work. Go do that right now.

(also, if you liked "Love Bytes" you can find it and many more similarly scary stories in my book "MOTORCYCLUS" And Other Extremely Scary Stories, available online at [gumroad.com/rcveeder](http://gumroad.com/rcveeder))

Thanks. See you next year.

- RCV



*...pero supongo que no pudiste esperarme.*

